



THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

Where the Winters in the North, Warmer?

Since the last of December we have had in unusually cold in Maine. It has undoubtedly been the longest period of continued severe cold weather that we have experienced for many years.

The question has often been asked, by some shivering wight—"Don't our winters grow colder?" We suppose that there has been some slight amelioration in the length as well as the severity of cold, since the clearing away of the forest in this section of the State. In connection, however, with this matter, arises another question, viz.—Have not the winters in northern latitudes changed from what they were in the earlier days of the world? It would seem, from certain geological appearances, that the northern portions of the globe once were much warmer than at present. In some rock formations, in the north, are found the remains of warm ferns that could have grown only in a warm climate. The foot-steps of gigantic birds, found by Professor Hitchcock in the sandstones on the Connecticut river, in Massachusetts, would seem to indicate that the fowls had giants among them "in those days," as well as the men. The remains of immense animals have been found in Siberia, indicating that in order to support such tall ones they must have had warmer weather and longer summers than they have now.

Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

At a meeting of the members of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, held at Hallowell Cross Roads, Feb. 7th, the following gentlemen were elected officers, as follows:

Nathan Foster, President.

Nathaniel Robinson, Alden Sampson, Daniel Craig, Vice Presidents.

Russell Eaton, Recording Secretary and Treasurer.

Ezekiel Holmes, Corresponding Secretary and Agent.

Francis Fuller, Collector.

H. G. Cole, Francis Fuller, Isaac Wadsworth, Trustees.

Great Fire in Concord.

A fire broke out on the night of the 13th inst. in the extensive coach and wagon manufactory of S. Abbott, in Concord, N. H., which occasioned great loss. Many of our readers perhaps know that this factory was one of the most extensive in New England. The range destroyed, consisted of nine workshops and houses for the storage of coaches, lumber, coal, iron, &c. Some twenty coaches were consumed. The loss is estimated at thirty thousand dollars, on which there is an insurance of only about nine thousand. Forty or fifty workmen are thrown out of employment.

Pulverized Potatoes.

Sometime ago a patent was taken out in England for preparing and preserving the substance of potatoes. It was done in the following manner. The potatoes were washed very clean, and boiled until the skins began to crack. They were then taken out and peeled, and all the eyes and sprouts taken off. They were then put into an iron cylinder that was turned inside, with small holes perforated through the bottom. A piston then passed down, which forced the potato into the holes. When thus prepared, the potato is dried on tin pans, at a heat of one hundred to one hundred and sixty degrees, after which it is packed in tight casks for future use.

Gold Fever in Canada.

A correspondent writing from the "land of Canaan," appends the following, which he calls "a shocking case of gold fever":

"A man was lately taken down by this prevailing fever, and so great were his sufferings that a physician was immediately called in. An emetic was forthwith administered. In due time the patient vomited from the stomach a yellowish substance, which, on a partial examination, was considered to be gold, twenty carats fine; but, on a more careful examination, it proved to be but only a few carats. On taking two more emetics he threw up from his stomach what proved to be, on a very careful examination, seventy-five per cent. of the products of quite a garden patch. He will probably not go to gold digging, but will no doubt become a garden digger."

The Quaker City.

This is the quaint title of a new paper published every Saturday in Philadelphia, by Joseph Severns & Co., 72 Chestnut-st., at \$2 a year. It is edited by Geo. Lippard, who combats the errors and follies of society with a courage and keenness unequalled since the days of Leggett. Mr. L's descriptive powers are unique, and his satire cuts like Damascus steel.

American Metropolitan Magazine.

The February number (No. 2, vol. 1st.) of this magazine has been promptly sent by its enterprising publisher, Israel Post, 259 Broadway, N. York. It improves in interest and value. Mr. Post has arrayed a host of talent in aid of the work, both literary and artistic. He has the best writers in the land on his list of contributors, and his engravings are of the first class. This number contains eleven embellishments, including one mezzotint and two steel engravings. Also a piece of excellent music. It takes a high rank among our best periodicals.

Change of Post Office Names.

The name of the office called Mt. Vernon Village Post Office, is changed to Mt. Vernon Post Office—B. H. Gilbreth, P. M. And Mt. Vernon Post Office is changed to Mt. Vernon Village Post Office—E. Farnham, P. M.

Kennebec and Portland Railroad.

The meeting of the stockholders in the Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company held at Gardiner on Thursday last, was fully attended, and a very general interest and satisfaction seemed to prevail.

After a general interchange of opinions and feelings in relation to the work already done and that to be done—and after the statement of various facts, by which it appears that something over \$500,000 has been expended by the company, and that the expense of the road thus far had in no case exceeded the original estimates, and that there is no reason to suppose that it will—the question of ways and means for its further immediate progress was discussed. The directors and stockholders were unanimously, or nearly so, opposed to the hiring of large sums of money at the present ruinous rate of interest; and there was a very general opposition to having the road placed under mortgage. The question then resulted in this: whether to issue new stock at par, guaranteeing to a certain rate per cent., for a certain number of years, or to issue new stock at such a reduced rate that the original subscribers, to whom it should be first offered, would take it.

This latter mode, which is the one now generally adopted on the new roads in Massachusetts and elsewhere, was finally adopted, and the following vote was unanimously passed:

Voted, That the directors be authorized to make and issue new stock to the extent of what has already been subscribed and contracted for, at the rate of fifty dollars per share; and each subscriber or holder of original shares shall have the privilege of taking as many new shares as he has of old shares, on his subscribing therefor and agreeing to pay for the same fifty dollars, in five equal monthly payments, commencing on the first day of May next, for each new share so subscribed; and when all the payments shall be made, certificates of stock will be issued. And if any of the original subscribers or holders of stock shall decline, or, upon notice, neglect to subscribe for and take their respective shares of the new stock, the directors are authorized to sell such shares for the most they will bring, not less than fifty dollars per share.

The meeting was one of enthusiasm, showing a very general interest in the road and its extension, and it is expected that it will be brought the present year to the "Bowdoin place," a place about four miles this side of Richmond Village, which will bring it within twelve miles of this place.

We cannot doubt that the plan adopted will succeed, and that the work will go bravely on.

Glances from the Road-side.

This is a good agricultural township, lying on both sides of the Androscoggin river, above Livermore. It is quite hilly, and yet we believe there is not much real waste land in it. There was once much, and there is now some, pine timber in Jay. The town was incorporated in 1795, and now has nearly or quite 3000 inhabitants.

At the bridge there is a small but growing village. On the river at this place, there is a saw-mill, and a good grist-mill. There is also a sub-mill, and a covered bridge across the river. We visited quite a large number of good farms with neat and commodious farm buildings, and we found there active, intelligent, and successful farmers.

The attention of the farmers in this vicinity has been recently directed to the cultivation of flax on a more extended scale than usual. We were informed that a proposal had been made to establish works in the neighborhood, (probably at Wilton,) for rotting and dressing the flax, if the farmers would agree to sow 100 acres or more the coming season. The price offered is \$12.00 per ton for the straw. The seed will sell readily for at least \$1.00 per bushel. It is thought that in an acre of land prepared as for wheat, and in good condition for that crop, would yield enough of flax to amount to from twenty to thirty-five bushels, at the prices mentioned. We were informed that the neighboring farmers are ready to sow the hundred acres on the terms proposed. We really hope the enterprise will succeed to the mutual profit and satisfaction of all concerned.

A farmer in the north part of Jay informed us that the last season he had commenced the cultivation of cranberries. Some low, marshy places are devoted to the purpose, and the land is prepared by hauling gravel on to it. The vines are hardy, are not difficult to transplant, and appear to be in a very flourishing condition. The business of raising cranberries is carried on to profit in some parts of Massachusetts, and we see no reason why it may not be as profitable with us.

The cranberry grows in many locations in Maine, and with the proper care and cultivation will do well, yield a satisfactory return. We believe the demand for the fruit in the market is greater than the supply. Portions of the farm which have hitherto yielded little or no profit may be made productive and valuable by the introduction of the cranberry. We hope our friend will continue his experiments, and give us the result through the columns of the Maine Farmer.

WILTON.

In Agricultural resources—The Upper Village—Water-power—Manufactures—The Lower Village—Malt-Berley—Coal-bed for Steams.

This town lies north of Jay and S. W. of Farmington. It was incorporated in 1803, and now has a population of not far from 2500. As an agricultural town, it ranks among the best in the State. It has an uneven surface, and a deep and fertile soil. The original growth of the township was principally hard wood. The eastern portion we consider the best for agriculture. There is some very productive farms in Wilton. One farmer remarked to us that he had received, in one year, for the production of his farm, more than nine hundred dollars in cash. To do this, however, the stock of the farm was somewhat reduced.

There are two pleasant villages in Wilton. At the Upper Village there are six stores, two saw-mills, a single-machine, and a very good grist-mill, much resembling the one at Livermore Falls, and built by the same master-workman; and the iron work of which was done in the place. There are two starch mills which have made, in the past season, perhaps fifteen tons of starch; a machine-shop, an iron foundry, machinery for carding and cloth dressing, and also for the manufacture of "stocking yarn" on an extended scale. There are also a clover mill, tannery, and furniture establishment.

The stream which furnishes the water-power for this business is small, the water being required for the grist-mill, yet in the space of three-fourths of a mile, at different dams, it is used for all the above machinery, and is capable of doing as much more business in the same space. There is a large pond just above the village, affording a constant and uniform supply of water; and this is so warm that there is but little trouble from ice. On this stream there is no danger from freshets—the water being under complete control.

In the immediate neighborhood of this village, the land is not so well adapted for agricultural purposes as we found it to be, and on the road leading towards Temple.

Before we reach the Lower Village, (East Wilton,) we cross a stream which unites with the one which passes through the other village, and is, as we judge, of about the same size, thus furnishing the Lower Village with twice the amount of water.

At East Wilton there is a large woolen factory which has heretofore done considerable business. It has changed hands recently, and at the time of our visit was not in operation. There are also a saw-mill, and a shovel-handle factory. In the latter establishment some twenty-five or thirty hundred dozen handles are made annually. The timber used here appeared to be of a superior quality, being principally second growth white ash. These handles are sent to Massachusetts, and are used for the celebrated "Aqua" shovels. The valley of the stream is wider at East Wilton than it is above, and the land on its banks more level, affording better and more convenient lands for building. There are four stores at this village.

On the road from East Wilton to Temple we saw some forty or fifty miles, which are being raised for the southern market. We learned that the business of raising these animals is carried on to a considerable extent in this vicinity, and that quite a large number are sold annually.

We called upon our friend, John Macomber, who lives in the north part of the town. In his granary we saw a lot of superior barley. For several years past, with the exception of the last year, when it did not do so well as usual, the average yield has been more than forty bushels to the acre. As food for swine, Mr. M. considers it more valuable than corn, bushel for bushel.

Mr. M., after showing his corn, has the corn ground, and uses the meal as food for his swine. To us the mystery was how he could persuade them to eat it. His pigs were thirty fellows—living recommendations of their keeping; indeed, their appearance would not have reminded us of colts or snouts, unless by way of contrast. But they did eat corn meal, and, if we mistake not, had been accustomed to it from their youth. The meal is scalded when fed to them, or mixed with boiled apples, and they eat it up clean. About a year ago, Mr. M. slaughtered a pig nine and a half months old, which weighed, when dressed, 445 pounds. This pig had meal made of something besides corn. Mr. Macomber has devoted considerable attention to the improvement of his stock. He considers a good cow worth more than twice as much as a poor one. His cattle are principally grade Durhams, and are worthy of notice.

Sold. B. C. Bailey and Davis & Co. have sold the propeller Sea Gull, in New York, for \$25,000. It is said she is to run between New York and Baltimore.

Gathered Fragments.

The Senatorial Votes have been counted, and vacancies found to exist in the Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth Districts.

Mr. John Soule was killed in Errol, N. H., by a catamount, and torn to pieces. From appearance it seems that he found two of these animals in a tree, and not daring to risk a shot, retreated backwards, and falling over a log was seized by one.

Mr. Mary Johnson, of New York, has petitioned Congress for pay for the loss of her husband, killed in the Mexican war, on the strength of Pacheco's heirs having recovered \$1000 for a slave killed in the Florida war. Mary asks for \$2000, estimating her husband to be worth as much as two negroes.

Barberus. Somebody tells a story of a barber who made his fortune by shaving a returned California. The gold dust which he shook out of his whiskers was worth two thousand dollars.

Dead. The Baltimore papers report the death of John Smith, killed in a fireman's riot. He left relatives of the name of Smith.

A Presbyterian clergyman advertises for a wife of "an amiable disposition." She may be miserable for marriage, and unamiable afterwards. Raw pork, and pork after it is boiled, are two different things.

Gold pens. The members of the Iowa Legislature have each themselves each a gold pen. They have thus become State pen-men.

A female M. D. Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, graduated at the Geneva Medical College, on the 23d inst., with high honors, and received the degree of M. D., the subject of her thesis being ship fever. On receiving her diploma she thus addressed the president: "I thank you sir, with the help of the Most High, it shall be the effort of my life to shed honor upon this diploma." Miss Blackwell commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia.

Longevity. M. de Languerville, a Frenchman, who died lately at the age of 110, had been married ten times, exposed his last helpmate at 99, and had a son at 101.

A young widow who edits a paper in a neighboring state, says: "We do not look so well to-day as usual, on account of the non-arrival of the mails."

Ship Building. The Collector of the Waldo district states that in 1848, 8 ships were built, 22 barques, 27 brig, 28 schooners, and 5 boats, total 90, with over 20,000 tonnage.

There is a project on foot for having the great U. S. mail carried from New York to New Orleans in five days. It is proposed to make a railroad across from the Peninsula of Florida from some point about the St. Mary's to a point on the Gulf in the neighborhood of Cedar Keys, steamboats to run from these points direct to New Orleans and New York.

A new Post Office has been established at Salmon Falls, N. H., J. P. Emerson Postmaster, which takes the letters heretofore directed to Salmon Falls, South Berwick, and Salmon Falls, Somersworth.

John Muller, a German astronomer of the fifteenth century, constructed a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, met the emperor, saluted him, and returned. He also made an iron fly which flew out of his hat at a feast, and returned after sporting about the room.

London Cattle Market. The spacious cattle market, which has been for some time past erected at Islington, London, can accommodate 8000 cattle and 50,000 sheep, besides horses, pigs, &c.

To stop bleeding at the nose. Dr. Negrier, a French surgeon, says the elevation of a person's arm, will always stop bleeding at the nose. He explains the fact physiologically, and declares it a positive remedy. It is certainly easy of trial.

More than fourteen miles an hour. The Montreal Transcript says that a horse named Fly, trotted from Cornwall to Montreal, a distance of over ninety miles, in six hours and fifteen minutes excluding stops.

The Cholera. The cholera still lingers at Nashville, Tenn. The Nashville Union of the 6th inst., reports several new cases, but expresses a hope that the disease will soon be checked owing to a favorable change in the weather.

Fish Story. The editor of the Manchester Democrat tells of a man who had a large nose, and who, in crossing a corner of Lake Winnipeg, to reach the woods where he was chopping, cut a hole through the ice for the purpose of quenching his thirst. A large trout, mistaking for some more tempting prize the nose of the chopper which was protruding below the fragments of ice which covered the surface, nabbed it with all his might. The man upon the ice, alarmed by this unexpected assault, made a hasty retreat, and not only took his nose out of the water, but with it a good sized trout weighing some nine pounds.

Wine and Brandy for California. Paris papers say that the Nigars state that there were fitting out at the port of Bordeaux for California, twelve vessels, the craft articles of their cargo being wine and brandy.

Fifty years ago. Mrs. Washington Kirk stocks for the general; now there are not fifty ladies in the city who can play that part, and hundreds know not how the apple gets into the heart of the dumpling.

A new mode of departure for California. The Boston Transcript says that one of the passengers by the Duxbury, which sailed last week for California, finding that an officer was on the wharf, on the watch for him, got a friend to put him in a sugar box, which was nailed up and marked "Medicine, this side up with care," and was in this way conveyed on board, in the face and eyes of the half frozen officer.

Dreadful Colliery Explosion. The last colliery explosion on England state that a dreadful colliery explosion had occurred near Barnsley, by which nearly eighty persons lost their lives. At the time of the explosion, the mine contained 70 men and boys; 21 were taken out alive, and 70 dead, and a had since died. The bodies were horribly mutilated. The accident is supposed to have been caused by the high winds of the two previous days, which drove back into the mines the foul air.

Robbed. Daniel Blake of Boothbay, Me., states that while sleeping in a nine-pin alley on Ann street, yesterday afternoon, he was robbed of \$15, being all the available funds he possessed. So says the Boston Journal.

A man, says the Philadelphia Ledger, was found at Trenton the other day mounted on a lady, with his lips pressed to the telegraph wires. He was kissing his wife in Philadelphia "by telegraph." It was found afterwards that he was a newly married man.

The Cholera. The Galveston (Texas) Civilian of 24th ult., states that the cholera still lingered at Houston. In two days eight deaths were reported. Col. John H. Walton, formerly Mayor of Galveston, had fallen a victim to the disease.

George S. Dull, Tax Collector of West Brookfield, and Deputy Sheriff of Worcester County, Mass., has departed suddenly for California, by ship, from New York, taking about \$12000 belonging to the town, and a large amount collected on executions.

Late from California.

Dates (by private conveyance) from California to Dec. 10th have been received. They were brought to New York by Mr. Robert Atherton, a San Francisco merchant, who accomplished the journey in sixty-one days. The following particulars we take from the Tribune:

With regard to the number of persons employed at the placers, Mr. Atherton says there were never more than fifteen hundred persons engaged digging for gold, and the precious metal at any one time, the average result of whose labor was about three ounces per day, to each digger. This gold is found in flakes or scales in what is termed the wet diggings, and in lumps and the crevices of rocks in the dry diggings. Various reports were in circulation as to the size and weight of these lumps—some persons asserting that they have been found to the weight of twenty-five pounds. These reports, however, only rumors; but Mr. Atherton, our informant, himself saw a piece which weighed seven pounds, and which was found by one of the adventurers.

The half million of gold on board the Lexington is assigned to several houses in N. York. Messrs. Wells and DeWitt, of the New York Regiment, are passengers, and have a quantity of the dust on board as freight. The whole amount of gold collected in California at the time of Mr. Atherton's return is estimated at \$3,000,000, the most of which had left for various points—a large amount for the United States.

One of the greatest features of the news brought by this express, is the fact of the discovery of a gold mine of great value in Oregon. This discovery was attracting the attention of the people of that territory, who were flocking thither in great numbers, in preference to going to California.

The business of mining has nothing that is agreeable, except the fact that it sometimes produces—In short, it requires the hardest kind of labor, such as only strong constitutions and muscles indurated by toil can undertake with a prospect of success, and, besides, it is a very rough, and more familiar with the drawing-room, counting-room, or lawyer's office, than with the plough or sledge-hammer, had better keep their imaginations free from all visions of placers, rivulets of gold, and the like, and stick to the real soil to be had for the picking up. Gold is not to be procured in that way even in California, but yields itself only to strength and skill. Even these are not always successful. Mr. Atherton took one company out from San Francisco with all the proper tools, machines, and accessories, and whose members, after digging some time with better zeal than fortune, came back each with a flea in his ear, and not a jot of gold in his pocket.

However, a man of the right sort in respect to health, strength and skill, may, with fair luck and hard and steady work, obtain three ounces of gold on an average per day. It is not often found in lumps.

One man of his acquaintance, a blacksmith, had got ten thousand dollars' worth in three weeks. The captain of the French brig Perseverance, with one half of his crew, gathered ten thousand dollars' worth of gold dust in three weeks.

Merchandise of every kind sold for high prices. A pair of boots costs twenty dollars, of which, however, there was but a small stock on hand when Mr. Atherton arrived. Blanket coats are worth forty dollars, and fine frock coats fetched a hundred dollars readily. Mr. A. himself sold a coat which he had worn at intervals for two years, at eighty dollars. Liquors sold at twenty-five per cent. above the market price. Hon. Rufus McIntosh, of California, Archibald Smith, of Alfred, G. C. Wallingford, of North Berwick, Arthur McArthur, of Limerick, and John Jameson of Cornish, Vice President; Louis O. Cowan, Recording Secretary; Peter M. Neal, Corresponding Secretary; Nathan Dane, Agent; S. L. Goodale, Treasurer; Rufus Nichols, of Saco, William Swasey, of Limerick, and W. G. Conant, of Alfred, Trustees; J. F. Nye, of Saco, Collector; and J. H. Hall, of Limerick, the Society voted to recommend to the Trustees the expediency of selecting Limerick as the place in which to hold the annual cattle show and fair for the current year.

Gold Fever in Hornby.

According to Ethan Spike, correspondent of the Chronicle, the gold fever is raging extensively in Hornby, said to be located in Oxford County in this State. He says: "We are all bit here! The Kallaford fever is broke out all over town, an' rages powerfully—hydrophobia, fluimayny, or chin-chow is nothin' to it. Kernal Peabody is gone crazy as a coot, an' other folks proceed every Sabbath-day to the gold of O'er an' the payments of the new Jerusalem. Father's offered the steers, ten shewals, the old horse an' half a dozen hens at less than half price, an' as he says if he can raise the money he'll strike out for the Arizona diggings. Mother's enjoin't worried to death about it an' has had father bled three times, an' has a mustard plaster on his feet every night, hopin' to draw the notion out on him. But he keeps gettin' more every day, an' a crier every day, an' the Franksies, Sanjawns an' Boony victims, like all posset."

Capt. Sturgis Acquitted.

The Boston Post of Tuesday gives the following information, which will be gratifying to the numerous friends of Capt. Sturgis in this section:

"In the U. S. District Court, the case of Capt. Nathan P. Sturgis, of the bark Mary Varney, for assaulting Levan Bailey, steward of the bark, and subsequently confining him without due care to his comfort, was finished. Judge Sprague charged the jury that Bailey was guilty of unjustifiable disobedience to reasonable and necessary orders, and that the captain was justified in the coercive measures he adopted; and would also have been justified if he had had him seized up and regularly fogged. Under these instructions, the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, without leaving their seats. Robert Clark, Jr., district attorney for the United States, and R. H. Dana, Jr., for the defence."

The Pennsylvania Senate has voted, 18 to 10, against extending the right of suffrage to colored men.

FIRE IN CHERYFIELD. We learn from the Cheryfield Whig, that the large and beautiful building in Cheryfield, known as Harrison Hall, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last. The large hall in the building was occupied as a house of worship by Rev. Mr. Titcomb's congregation, and the fire was discovered during the afternoon meeting. There were two stores under the hall, one occupied by H. P. A. Smith, and the other by Burman & Campbell. The goods in both stores were safely removed. The building was owned by Mr. George D. Deneux, now of Salem, and, it is said, was insured.

AN INDIAN EXPEDIENT TO PROTECT FREEDOM.

The New Orleans Crescent tells a good story of a slave named John, who had obtained his freedom by going to a neighbor of his own in Mississippi, and representing that an Havana lottery ticket which he had won in gambling with some other negroes, had drawn a prize of \$30,000. He suggested to the neighbor that if his master became aware that he had drawn the prize, he would claim the money, and drawn to his neighbor that if he would go to his master and purchase his freedom that he would give him the sum necessary, and also give him a liberal dowry. The neighbor jumped at the offer—obtained the free papers, and handed them to the negro who now has them. The lottery story proved to be a fabrication; the money agreed to be paid Tony's master (\$3000) never was paid, and the late, and it must be admitted somewhat simple owner, has empowered Mr. Hall to have Tony taken to Mississippi, with a view of getting him into bondage again. This is thought to be a matter of some difficulty, as the papers are made out in legal form, and are signed by the governor of Mississippi. [N. London Chronicle.]

The Dudley Murder.

Rev. E. Smith, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Prison, in a letter to the murder, in Berwick, of Mrs. Dudley, by her husband, styled Rev. and also an alleged vicious ministerial murder in the same place. Mr. Smith says Dudley has been for years a pest to all religious communities around him; "was what is called a 'come outer,' or Millite; but, some time previous to the murder, met into an obscure town and set up as a preacher. He at length succeeded in deceiving two of the ministers of what is called the Christian denomination to perform a sort of ceremony of ordination, an act for which, I am told, they soon expressed their regret. I am sure no association or other bodies of ministers in New Hampshire, would even have acknowledged him as a Christian, less as a minister."

Another of Gen. Washington's Servants.

Gore. Henry Davis, colored, died lately in Dearborn county, aged 115 years. The papers say that he was a servant of Gen. Washington, and followed him through many of his campaigns. It appears to us that every descendant of Ham who deceases now-days at an advanced age, has been a "servant of Gen. Washington." Three of his servants have died within the past year. Are there any more of the "same sort left?"

The Cincinnati Murder.

Mrs. Margaret Howard was committed to jail on the 6th inst., at Cincinnati, to take her trial for the murder of Mary Ellen Smith, alias Howard, on the night of the 2d. The evidence in the examination, discloses a terrible picture of domestic misery. The immediate cause of the murder seems to have been a visit paid to Mrs. Howard by the father, Capt. John Howard, and Mrs. Smith, and the removal of the children from her. The husband of this Mrs. Smith is in the State prison. Mrs. Howard has worked long and hard for the support of her children, and was fast of losing them forever, drove her to madness. After the murder, and surrender of herself to Marshal Hulse, she told him—

"I moved from Lodge street a few days ago, Capt. Howard told me people were watching me of bad character; the woman who kept the house told me the next day what Howard had said. I felt insulted and would not stay. I moved to Cutter street. Two or three days after I had been down there, met a girl on the stairs who said, 'Are you Howard's wife, or do you only pretend to be? Are you the woman I saw mentioned in the paper the other day as having a fuss about some children?' When the children were mentioned, she put her hands on her head, and said, 'I have been on fire for a week, and all next day making shirts, and at night dressing myself to go out. I could neither eat nor sleep till I knew what had become of my children. I went down to the place where Capt. H. boarded. They told me that Capt. H. had been killed, and asked for his lady, and said I wished to see her. She came down stairs. I said, 'Are you Mrs. Howard?' She said 'Yes.' I answered, 'You dare to call yourself Mrs. Howard—I am Mrs. Howard.' We both then advanced, and reached forward to grasp me. You know the rest."

No one knew what she said or did. She had lived fifty years in four. He had driven her from house to house, he had tortured and dogged her, and told her she was a bad woman, and a bad character, and such people would insult her. She had suffered so much her mind was gone."

Dr. Prescott's Lecture in Phillips. We have received a communication from George W. Evelev, of Phillips, respecting the lecture delivered by Dr. Prescott on Hydropathy in, that town. As the communication is rather personal and contains some hard names, we respectfully decline publishing it. We are willing that our correspondents should combat theories and discuss principles, but it isn't best to be personal in any controversy.

YORK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual meeting at Alfred on the 14th. The Saco Union says:

From a report of the Treasurer, S. L. Goodale, we learn that the finances of the Society are in good condition, and the Society prosperous. The Society has now near 500 members, and has in the Savings Institution, secured shares in the Biddeford Bank, six hundred dollars. There was a good attendance at the meeting and much interest in the operations manifested. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Hon. Rufus McIntosh, President; Archibald Smith, of Alfred, G. C. Wallingford, of North Berwick, Arthur McArthur, of Limerick, and John Jameson of Cornish, Vice President; Louis O. Cowan, Recording Secretary; Peter M. Neal, Corresponding Secretary; Nathan Dane, Agent; S. L. Goodale, Treasurer; Rufus Nichols, of Saco, William Swasey, of Limerick, and W. G. Conant, of Alfred, Trustees; J. F. Nye, of Saco, Collector; and J. H. Hall, of Limerick, the Society voted to recommend to the Trustees the expediency of selecting Limerick as the place in which to hold the annual cattle show and fair for the current year.

Gold Fever in Hornby.

According to Ethan Spike, correspondent of the Chronicle, the gold fever is raging extensively in Hornby, said to be located in Oxford County in this State. He says: "We are all bit here! The Kallaford fever is broke out all over town, an' rages powerfully—hydrophobia, fluimayny, or chin-chow is nothin' to it. Kernal Peabody is gone crazy as a coot, an' other folks proceed every Sabbath-day to the gold of O'er an' the payments of the new Jerusalem. Father's offered the steers, ten shewals, the old horse an' half a dozen hens at less than half price, an' as he says if he can raise the money he'll strike out for the Arizona diggings. Mother's enjoin't worried to death about it an' has had father bled three times, an' has a mustard plaster on his feet every night, hopin' to draw the notion out on him. But he keeps gettin' more every day, an' a crier every day, an' the Franksies, Sanjawns an' Boony victims, like all posset."

Capt. Sturgis Acquitted.

The Boston Post of Tuesday gives the following information, which will be gratifying to the numerous friends of Capt. Sturgis in this section:

"In the U. S. District Court, the case of Capt. Nathan P. Sturgis, of the bark Mary Varney, for assaulting Levan Bailey, steward of the bark, and subsequently confining him without due care to his comfort, was finished. Judge Sprague charged the jury that Bailey was guilty of unjustifiable disobedience to reasonable and necessary orders, and that the captain was justified in the coercive measures he adopted; and would also have been justified if he had had him seized up and regularly fogged. Under these instructions, the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, without leaving their seats. Robert Clark, Jr., district attorney for the United States, and R. H. Dana, Jr., for the defence."

The Pennsylvania Senate has voted, 18 to 10, against extending the right of suffrage to colored men.

FIRE IN CHERYFIELD. We learn from the Cheryfield Whig, that the large and beautiful building in Cheryfield, known as Harrison Hall, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last. The large hall in the building was occupied as a house of worship by Rev. Mr. Titcomb's congregation, and the fire was discovered during the afternoon meeting. There were two stores under the hall, one occupied by H. P. A. Smith, and the other by Burman & Campbell. The goods in both stores were safely removed. The building was owned by Mr. George D. Deneux, now of Salem, and, it is said, was insured.

AN INDIAN EXPEDIENT TO PROTECT FREEDOM.

The New Orleans Crescent tells a good story of a slave named John, who had obtained his freedom by going to a neighbor of his own in Mississippi, and representing that an Havana lottery ticket which he had won in gambling with some other negroes, had drawn a prize of \$30,000. He suggested to the neighbor that if his master became aware that he had drawn the prize, he would claim the money, and drawn to his neighbor that if he would go to his master and purchase his freedom that he would give him the sum necessary, and also give him a liberal dowry. The neighbor jumped at the offer—obtained the free papers, and handed them to the negro who now has them. The lottery story proved to be a fabrication; the money agreed to be paid Tony's master (\$3000) never was paid, and the late, and it must be admitted somewhat simple owner, has empowered Mr. Hall to have Tony taken to Mississippi, with a view of getting him into bondage again. This is thought to be a matter of some difficulty, as the papers are made out in legal form, and are signed by the governor of Mississippi. [N. London Chronicle.]

The Dudley Murder.

The Must.

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY D. BATES.

Speak gently—It is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently—Love doth whisper low
The words that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kinder tone.

Speak gently to the little child!
To love be sure to go;
Touch it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Have much to learn and see;
Pass through life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The words of life are surely won,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh words be heard;
There have enough to meet their need,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They may have sinned in vain—
Perchance kindness means to them;
On this theme let us refrain.

Speak gently—He who gave his life
To lead men from the dark;
When elements were fierce with strife
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently—"tis a little thing
Dropt in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A man very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, tired,
And heavily tired,
He laid himself down on the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by and entered his sight,
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live;
For the cripple, I may know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to sit."

Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not;
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man,
"What an excellent pair!
Pray, get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are not inclined,
May constantly help one another."

The Story-Teller.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

"When does your royal highness require the carriage?"

These words were addressed to Philip as he threaded his way through the crowd, by a punchy little figure dressed as a Dutchman.

"Not at all," answered Philip. "The half past eleven, and beautiful singer expects you. She will die of waiting."

"Let her sing something to cheer her."

"How, Prince! Have you changed your mind? Would you leave the captivating Rollins in the lurch, and throw away the golden opportunity you have been signing for months! The letter you sent to-day enclosing the diamond bauble, did its work marvellously. She surrendered at such a summons. Then why are you so cold? What is the cause of the change?"

"That is my business, not yours."

"I have discovered a girl, oh, Prince, there is not such another in the world. She is totally unknown—beautiful as an angel—eyes like stars—hair like sunbeams—in short, the sweetest creature I ever beheld. The mother is the widow of a poor weaver, a simple, honest woman, who—"

"And the mother's name is—"

"Widow Bittler, in Milk street, and the daughter, the fairest of flowers, is called Rose."

At the sound of the one loved name, Philip started back. His first inclination was to knock the communicative Dutchman down.

"If I find you within half a mile of Milk street, I'll dash your miserable brains out before you can shout for mercy."

The Dutchman stood writhing with pain. "May I please your highness, I could not imagine you really loved the girl as it seems you do."

"I love her! I will own it before the whole world!"

"Are you loved in return?"

"That's none of your business. Never mention her name again. Leave her undisturbed. Now you know what I think. Be off!"

CHAPTER VIII.

In the mean time Philip's substitute supported his character of a watchman on the snow-covered streets. For the first quarter of an hour he attended to the directions left by Philip, and went his rounds, and called the hour with great decorum, except that instead of the usual watchman's verses he favored the public with rhymes of his own.

He was cogitating a new stanza with which to illuminate the people, when the door of a house beside him opened, and a well-dressed girl beckoned to him, and sank into the shadow of the house.

"How d'ye do, dear Philip! Speak low that nobody may hear us. I have only got away from the company for one moment, to speak to you as you passed. Are you happy to see me?"

"Bliss as the immortal gods, my angel, who could be otherwise than happy by the side of such a goddess!"

"Ah! I've some good news for you, Philip. You must dine at home tomorrow. My mother has allowed me to say so. You'll come?"

"For the whole day, and as much longer as you wish. Would we might be together till the end of the world! 'T would be a life fit for gods!"

"Listen, Philip, in half an hour I shall be at St. Gregory's, I shall expect you there. You won't fail me. Don't keep me waiting long, we shall have a walk together. Go now, my angel, be discovered. She tried to go but Julian held her back, and threw his arms around her."

"What, will you leave me so coldly?" he said, and tried to press a kiss upon her lips.

Rose did not know what to think of this boldness, for Philip had never ventured such a liberty before. She struggled to free herself, but Julian held her firm, till at last she had to buy her liberty by submitting to the kiss, and begging him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

"What! go! and such a creature here beside me! I'm not such an idiot, no, no!"

"But then it is not right, Philip."

"Not right! why not, my beauty? there's nothing about kissing in the commandments."

"You must have been drinking, Philip. You know very well we can't marry, and—"

"Not marry! why not? I'll marry you to-morrow, to-night, this very hour! no matter, indeed!"

"Ah, Philip! I had a dream last night."

"A dream—what was it?"

"I had won a prize in the lottery; we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden, all filled with flowers and such famous cabbages and cauliflowers, such a fortune it would have been!—And when I awoke, Philip, I felt wretched. I wished I had not dreamed such a dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip, have you? Have you really won anything?"

"The drawing took place to-day."

"Ah, Philip, if you had only a thousand dollars, you might buy such a pretty garden!"

"A thousand dollars! Is it true? Is it, really? Do not deceive me! 'Twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won! tell me!"

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and resisted no longer when he imprudently kissed her on the cheek.

"All that I wished for! the thousand dollars! and will they pay the whole sum at once?"

Answer me, answer me!" she added, for the prince was so astonished at the turn affairs had taken, that he knew not what to say.

"Will they pay the thousand dollars all at once, Philip?"

"They've done it already, and if it will add to your happiness, I will hand it to you this moment."

"What! have you got it with you?"

The prince took out his purse, which he had filled with money in expectation of some play.

"Take it and weigh it, my girl," he said, placing it in her hand, and kissing her again.

"This, then, makes you mine?"

"Oh, not this—nor all the gold in the world, if you were not my own, my dear, dear Philip!"

"Ah, how if I had given you all this money and yet were not your own, your dear, dear Philip!"

"I would fling the purse at your feet, and make you a courtesy as I rushed away from you," said Rose, overjoyed, and little suspecting that Philip was out of hearing.

A door now opened; the light streamed out, and the voices of the party within were heard. Rose slipped noiselessly away, whispering—

"In half an hour, dear Philip, at St. Gregory's."

She tripped up the steps, leaving the prince in darkness.

Disconcerted by the suddenness of the parting, and his curiosity excited by his ignorance of the name of his new acquaintance, and not even having had a full view of her face, he consoled himself with the rendezvous at St. Gregory's church door. This he resolved to keep, though it was evident that all the tenderness which had been bestowed on him, was intended for his friend the watchman.

CHAPTER IX.

The interview with Rose, or the coldness of the night, increased the effect of the wine to such an extent, that the hilarity of the young prince broke out in a way very unbecoming to the solemnity of the office he had assumed. Standing amidst a crowd of people in the middle of the street, he blew so lustily on his horn that the neighboring windows were soon covered with terrified women, who expected no less than that the city had fallen by assault.

"The trade in the beleaguered city is at a stand; still more the pity; Our very girls, both black and pale, No longer find a sale."

"The burials upon their charnel care, But no one buys the brittle ware."

"Shame! shame! cried several female voices, at the end of the complimentary offering, which, however, was rewarded with a loud laugh from the men.

" Bravo! watchman," cried some; "Encore! encore!" shouted others. "How dare you, you insolent fellow, to insult the ladies in the open street?" growled a young lieutenant, angrily, a young lady on his arm.

"Mr. Lieutenant," answered a jolly miller, "the watchman sings nothing but the truth, and the lady at your side is proof of it. Ha! young mix, do you know me? do you know who I am? Is it right for a betrothed bride to be wandering o' nights about the streets with other men? To-morrow your mother shall hear of this. I'll have nothing more to do with you, and that's plump!"

The girl hid her face, and nudged the young officer to lead her away. But the lieutenant, like a brave soldier, scorned to retreat from the miller, and he determined to keep the field. With many mutual extracts from the polite vocabulary, the battle grew hotter and hotter. At last, however, two stout women lifted their huge cudgels above the head of the wrathful son of Mars, while one of them cried,

"Don't make any more fuss about that piece of goods beside you; she ain't worth it. The miller's a good fellow, and the watchman's song was as true as the gospel. A plain tradesman can hardly venture to marry now; the women's heads are all turned by the soldiers. There is no chance for any of us when a red coat comes in the way; down with the lazy varnishes."

But the officer was soon joined by some of his companions, and there seemed manifest symptoms of a row. The boys, by way of prelude to the engagement, amused themselves by throwing volleys of snow balls on both the contending parties. One of these missiles hit the irritated lieutenant with the force of a ten-pounder on the nose, and he, considering this the commencement of active operations, lost no time in bestowing a token of affection, in the shape of a double fist, on the right eye of the miller; and in a few minutes the battle became general.

The prince who had laughed amazingly at the first commencement of the uproar, had taken himself to another region before it had actually come to blows. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the palace of Count Bodonels, the minister of finance, with whom, as Philip had discovered at the masquerade, the prince was not on the terms. The countess had a party. Julian, whose poetical fervor was still in flower, planted himself opposite the window, and blew a peal on his horn. Several ladies and gentlemen, astonished at the noise, opened the windows, and listened to what he would say.

"Watchman," cried one of them, "troll out your Christian verse, and a dollar is your reward."

This invitation brought a fresh company to the windows. Julian called the hour in a true watchman's voice, and sang, loud and clear enough to be heard inside,

"Ye who are sunk in poor estate,
And fear the needy tinker's fate,
Pray to your worthy saint, St. Francis,
To make you cure of the finances,
Then you will make your country groan,
And rob its purse, to fill your own!"

"What, will you leave me so coldly?" he said, and tried to press a kiss upon her lips.

Rose did not know what to think of this boldness, for Philip had never ventured such a liberty before. She struggled to free herself, but Julian held her firm, till at last she had to buy her liberty by submitting to the kiss, and begging him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

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"Not marry! why not? I'll marry you to-morrow, to-night, this very hour! no matter, indeed!"

"Ah, Philip! I had a dream last night."

"A dream—what was it?"

"I had won a prize in the lottery; we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden, all filled with flowers and such famous cabbages and cauliflowers, such a fortune it would have been!—And when I awoke, Philip, I felt wretched. I wished I had not dreamed such a dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip, have you? Have you really won anything?"

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"A thousand dollars! Is it true? Is it, really? Do not deceive me! 'Twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won! tell me!"

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and resisted no longer when he imprudently kissed her on the cheek.

ham Levi! I am Abraham Levi! You are a cheat!"

"Call the police!" cried the countess; "let the ruffian be arrested!"

At these words the party confusedly withdrew from the windows. Nor did Julian remain where he was; he slipped quietly off, and effected his escape through a cross street, down which he was unpursued. A crowd of servants rushed out of the finance minister's palace, and laid hold of the real guardian of the night, who was carefully perambulating his beat, unconscious of any offence he had committed. In spite of all he could do, he was carried off to the head police office, and charged with causing a disturbance by singing libellous songs. The officer shook his head at the unaccountable event, and said,

"We have already one watchman in custody, whose abominable verses caused a serious affray between the town's people and the garrison. The devil fly away with all the poets."

The prisoner would consent to nothing, but swore prodigiously at the rashness of a set of footmen, headed by a butler and two fat cooks, that disturbed him in his peaceful perambulations, and accused him of singing insults against noble ladies, whose names he had never heard.

While the examination was going on, one of the secretaries of the finance minister began to be doubtful whether the poor watchman was really in fault or not: an uproar was heard outside, and loud cries of "Watch! watch!"

The policemen rushed out, and in a few minutes the field marshal entered the office, accompanied by some aids de camp, and the captain of the guards on duty.

"Bring in the sounder!" said the Marshal, pointing to the door; and two soldiers brought in a watchman, whom they held prisoner, and whom they dismissed of his staff and horn.

"Are the watchmen all gone mad to-night?" exclaimed the chief of police.

"I'll have the rascal punished for his infamous verses," said the marshal, storming with anger.

"Your excellency," exclaimed the watchman, terrified at the passion of the great man, "Heaven is my witness, I never made a verse in my born days."

"Silence, villain!" roared the marshal. "I'll cut you to pieces on the spot."

The police officer respectfully observed to the marshal, that there must be some poetical epidemic among the watchmen, for three had been brought before him within the quarter of an hour, accused of the same offence.

"Gentlemen," said the marshal, to the officers who had accompanied him, "since he refuses to confess, it will be necessary for you to take down for your remembrance the words of his atrocious libel. Let them be written down while you still recollect them."

The officer of the police wrote to the dictation of the gentlemen, who remembered the whole between them:

"O'er empty heads a feather's waving,
Adown the back a long trail trailing,
Sins writ and padded breast to charm ye,
These are the merits of the army!

Cards, fiddling, darning, and so on—
By these the marshal's staff is won."

"Do you deny, you rascal!" cried the field marshal to the terrified watchman. "Do you deny that you sung these infamous lines as I was coming out of my house?"

"I assure your worshipful honor, I know nothing at all about the lines!"

"Why did you run away, then, when you saw me?"

"I did not run away."

"What! said the officers who had accompanied the marshal; "not run away? Were not you out of breath when at last we laid hold of you?"

"Yes; but it was with fright at being so ferociously attacked. I am trembling yet in every limb."

"Look the obstinate villain up till morning," said the marshal, "he will come to his senses by that time!" With these words, the watchful dignity of the police force of the city on the watch. In the next ten minutes two more astonished watchmen were brought to the office on similar charges with the others. One was accused of singing a libel under the window of the minister of foreign affairs, in which it was insinuated that there were no affairs to which he was more foreign than those of his own department. The other had sung some verses before the door of the papal legate, informing him that the "lights of the church" were by no means deficient in tallow, but gave a great deal more smoke than illumination.

The prince who had wrought the watchmen so much, was always lucky enough to escape, and grew bolder at every attempt. The affair was talked of everywhere. The minister of police, who was at cards with the king, was informed of the insurrection among the watchmen, and was at a loss to know what to do.

"As a proof of it some of the verses were given to him in writing. His majesty laughed very heartily at the doggerel, and ordered him. He broke up the card table, for he saw that the minister of police had lost his good humor."

CHAPTER X.

In the dancing hall, next to the card room, Philip looked at his watch, and discovered that the time of his rendezvous with Rose at St. Gregory's was nearly come. He was by no means sorry at the thought of giving her, silk mantle and plumed bonnets to his substitute, for he began to find high life not quite to his taste. As he was going to the door, the negro once more came up to him, and whispered,

"Please your highness, Duke Herman is seeking for you, everywhere." Philip took no notice, but hurried out, followed by the negro. When they got out into the lobby, the negro cried out in alarm, "By heaven, here comes the duke," and slipped back into the hall.

A tall black man walked fiercely up to Philip, and said,

"Stay a moment, sir, I've been seeking for you, long."

"Quick then," said Philip, "I've no time to lose."

"I would not wait a moment, sir. I brook no delay; you owe me satisfaction. You and the cursed Neapolitan Salomoni have deceived me!"

"I knew nothing about it," said Philip.

"You got up that shameful scene in the cellar of the baker's daughter. It was at your instigation that Colonel Kait made an assault upon me with a cudgel."

"No such thing; I deny it."

"What! you deny it! The lady Blackensward, the marshal's lady, was an eye witness to it, and she has told me every circumstance."

"She has told your grace a cock and bull story. I have had nothing to do with it; if you have had ridiculous scenes in the baker's cellar, that was your own fault."

"I ask, once more, give me satisfaction! If not, I will expose you. Follow me instantly to the king."

Philip was perplexed. "Your grace," he said, "I have no wish to fight with you, or before the king."

This was indeed the truth, for he was afraid he should be discovered, and punished of course, for the part he had played. He therefore tried to get off by every means, and watched the door to seize a favorable moment for effecting his escape. The duke on the other hand, observed the uneasiness of the prince, (as he believed him), and waxed more valorous every minute. At last

he seized poor Philip by the arm, and was dragging him into the hall.

"What do you want with me," said Philip, sorely frightened, and shaking off the duke.

"You shall come with me to the king. He shall see how shamefully you insult a stranger at his court."

"Very good," replied Philip, who saw no hope of escape, except, in continuing in the character of a prince. "Very good. Come along, then. By good luck I happen to have the agreement with me, between you and the baker's daughter, in which you promise—"

"Nonsense! folly!" answered the duke, "that was only a piece of fun, that one may be allowed, surely, with a baker's daughter. Show it if you like, I will explain all that."

But it appeared that the duke was not quite sure of an explanation. He pressed Philip no more to go before the king. He however insisted more earnestly than ever on getting into the carriage, and going that moment to decide the matter with sword and pistol. Philip pointed out the danger of such a proceeding, but the duke overruled all objections.

"If you are not the greatest coward in Europe, you will follow me to the carriage, Prince!"

"I am—no prince," said at last stuttered Philip, now driven to extremities.

"You are you! I know you by your hat and mantle. You shall not escape me."

Philip lifted up his mask, and showed the duke his face.

"Now then, am I a prince?"

Duke Herman, when he saw the countenance of a man he had never seen before, started back, and stood gazing as if he had been petrified, having received his secrets to a perfect stranger.

"Was horrible beyond conception! But before he recovered from his surprise, Philip had opened the door and effected his escape.

CHAPTER XI.

The moment he found himself at liberty, he took off his hat and feathers, and wrapping them in the silken mantle, rushed through the street towards St. Gregory's, carrying them under his arm. There stood Rose already in the corner of the church door, expecting his arrival.

"Ah, Philip, dear Philip, how happy you have made me! how lucky we are! I have been waiting here this quarter of an hour, but never cared for frost or snow, my happiness was so great; I am so happy you have come back."

"And I too, dear Rose. Deuce take all the trinkets trinkets of the great, say I. But I'll tell you some other time of the scene I've had. Tell me now, my darling, how are you, and whether you love me still?"

"Ah! Philip, you've become a great man now. It would be better to ask if you still care anything for me."

"And how do you know, dear Rose, that I've become a great man—eh?"

"Why, you told me yourself. Ah! Philip, Philip, I only hope you won't be proud now that you've grown so rich. I am but a poor girl, and not good enough for you now; and I have been thinking, Philip, if you forsake me, I would rather have had you continue a poor gardener. I could not survive it, dear Philip. Indeed I could not!"

"What are you talking about, Rose? 'Tis true that for one half hour I have been a prince, but that was nothing but a dream. Now I am a watchman again, and as poor as ever. To be sure I have five thousand dollars in my pocket, but I got from a Mameluke—that would make as rich, I doubt—but alas! they do not belong to me!"

"You are speaking nonsense, Philip," said Rose, giving him the purse of gold that Julian had given her—"Here, take back your money; 'tis too heavy for my pocket."

"What should I do with all this gold! Where did you get it, Rose?"

"You won it in a lottery, Philip."

"What! have I won! and they told me at the office my number was a blank. Hurrah, hurrah, I've won! Now I'll buy old Nothman's garden, and marry you, dear Rose. How much is it?"

"Are you crazy, Philip, or have you drunk too much? You must know better than I can tell how much it is. I only looked at it quickly under the table at my friend's, and was frightened to see so much glittering coin and gold, Philip, Ah, then I thought no wonder Philip was so forward, but I can't blame you for it—oh, I could throw my own arms around your neck and cry for joy."

"If you insist on doing so, of course I won't object. But there's some misunderstanding here. Who was it that gave you this money, and told you that it was my prize in the lottery? I have my ticket safe in the drawer at home, and nobody has asked me for it."

"Ah, Philip, don't play off your jokes on me; you yourself told me it half an hour ago, and gave me the purse with your own hand."

"Rose, try to recollect yourself. This morning I saw you at mass, and we agreed to meet here to-night—since that time I have not seen you for an instant."

"No, except half an hour ago, when I saw you at Steinman's door. But what is that business under your arm? why are you without a hat? Philip, Philip! be careful. All that gold may turn your brain. You've been in some tavern, but Philip, and have drunk more than you should; but tell me, what is in this bundle? Why, here's a woman's silk gown. Philip, Philip, where have you been?"

"Certainly not with you, half an hour ago; you want to play tricks on me, I fancy; where have you got that money, I should like to know!"